Somewhere Green

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Somewhere Green

by Skops (RemarkableBoy)

Summary

A Little Shop of Horrors AU in which Hannibal is a luscious plant man with prehensile vines and a penchant for biting, and Will is the dorky florist just trying to scrape a living.

Multi chapter WIP.

((Prior knowledge of LSOH isn't necessary to understand the plot or context, but they are beautiful films, so go and watch both the 1960 and 1986 versions if you can.))

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Feeding Time

Do what you enjoy, and when the tough times set in, and every day is an uphill struggle, that's when you fight your hardest. People will try and stop you, try to drag you down, but you keep on fighting for what you love.

Sometimes, for Will, that little piece of advice was less than uplifting.

Especially when his own 'uphill struggle' came in the form of a walking, talking six foot plant with an innumerable number of prehensile vines and a penchant for biting.

He wasn't even sure as to how he'd acquired the strange creature, and even when he was sated and licking Will's blood off his teeth, he still found a reason to avoid answering the florists questions.

And as he recalled, it had been with great reluctance that he'd even given Will his name.

Hannibal.

A first name, but no last.

Or, so he presumed.

Of course, he did his best to resist Hannibal's advances at the end of the day, or in the early morning when the first rays of sun were peeking over the horizon. But ultimately, he was powerless to do so. Especially when Hannibal's patience grew thin, and rather than waste time attempting to coax Will into offering him a vein willingly, he'd ask once, out of courtesy, and upon his refusal, would grasp him with his tendrils and drag him close to his body, one arm snaking around his waist to hold him in place, whilst the other gripped the soft, dark curls on his head and yanked his head back whilst Will himself shouted and jerked as much as he could in that crushing embrace. Warm chestnut eyes turned up to the ceiling,

looking towards the heavens and praying for divine intervention as those sharp teeth nicked at his skin before biting down as agony, and eventual darkness shrouded his vision.

However, no matter how brutal Hannibal's daily feeds were, if and when Will passed out, his slender body finally falling limp and pliant in his arms, he'd always take care of his florist. Occasionally feeling a pang of guilt as he pulled away, himself fully rejuvenated and Will left fragile and pale in his arms.

It was usually during such times that Hannibal would carry him through the tiny shop and up to his room where he would clean the wounds his teeth had made on the once smooth skin. Carefully covering them with clean gauze and tucking him into bed, whilst he took a vigilant watch over Will's resting form till he began to stir with the first ebbs of consciousness. Only then would he flee the scene without so much as a rustle. Leaving Will to awaken frightened, aching and alone.

"How are we doing this today, Master William?"

That smooth, rich voice, as usual, comes seemingly out of nowhere.

So close he can physically feel the warmth of the creatures breath ghost over the shell of his ear as the watering can slips from his fingers. Cold water sloshing over the sides and splashing over his canvas shoes.

But it doesn't hit the ground.

Hannibal, as always, is prepared for that. Green vines curling around the handle and lifting it straight back up to Will's trembling hands.

"You know the answer to that." Will answers at last. His tone much stronger than he himself, actually felt. Grabbing the silver can from those slender vines and scuttling away to busy himself with watering the rather tired looking zinnia's on the other side of the greenhouse. The action forcing an amused smile to Hannibal's lips as he retracted his vines and trailed after Will at a leisurely pace. Occasionally reaching out to stroke a slender finger over the velvet petals of select bright coloured flowers.

“I’m hungry, Will.” He sighs, dropping his hand back down to his side as he watched the back of the florist’s head with a growing sense of impatience. His skin, usually a rich, smooth shade of green was blotching as the chlorophyll receded from the surface. The leaves on his vines wilting pitifully as the beginnings of a headache set in. He hated this daily charade, toying with the young man like a cat with a mouse, trying to chip away at his willpower till he eventually submitted to him of his own volition. But the stupid human wouldn’t so much as entertain the notion, even when he’d explained that he needn’t experience the pain he did day after day.

“You know my answer, Hannibal.” He repeats, finally lifting his head to look over at the other man with what could only be construed as a look of defiance. Hannibal himself letting out an irritated breath through his nose as he took a step towards the botanist. Half dismayed to watch him answer by taking two steps back and set down his watering can, zinnias forgotten.

He cast his gaze up towards the glass ceiling then, and Will, being the naturally curious creature he was, tilted his head up to look for whatever it was that had distracted Hannibal from what usually served to be his number one priority. It was an underhand tactic, but a successful one, and as he descended upon his prey, he couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed that Will had fallen for it.

As was expected, Will lashed out immediately, throwing an arm out and sending the watering can and a tray of bright purple zinnias crashing to the floor. The water and soil exploding upon impact and soaking the bottoms of his trousers as Hannibal pinned his arms to his chest and pulled his head back with a much gentler grip than usual. Though it did nothing to calm the terrified hammering of his heart in his chest as his mouth filled with the taste of copper and bile. His throat exposed and vulnerable as he swallowed compulsively, his voice drying up.

“I’m sorry.”

He wasn’t sure if the whisper was real or imagined, but in the end, it didn't matter as Hannibal’s teeth sank into the supple curve of his neck and liquid fire erupted through his system, tearing an agonized scream from his lips as his body tensed and tried to fight off the foreign attacker, all to no avail. The pain only intensifying until at last, he could do no more than squeeze his eyes shut and clench his fists.

Darkness descended mercifully only moments later and the river of water at their feet trickled steadily across the tiled floor, soaking everything in its path.

Only when he'd taken enough to feel the life coursing afresh throughout his system did Hannibal pull away. Lips stained an unholy shade of scarlet, and a new light glimmering in the depths of his dark eyes as he gazed upon the crumpled figure in his arms. He was still breathing, but his skin was pale. Those rich curls plastered to his forehead with an anxious sweat. Hannibal's hand reaching up of it's own volition to smooth the single crease on the florist's brow with a tender thumb as he lifted him off his feet with the help of his vines. Bowing his head once over Will's unconscious form with a weary sigh as he prepared to take him back to the safety of his room to recuperate.

"I'm sorry, William."

Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It takes much longer for Will to awaken this time, the shadows caused by the receding sun stretching out over his unconscious form like they were reaching for his very soul. Hannibal eventually reaching over to flick on the lamp at his bedside, and drawing the curtains.

He looked better like this. The golden glow of the lamp made him look almost healthy, and illuminated lighter notes in his dark hair. The florist looked more at peace with the world with the thin sheets wrapped around him, the anxious crease that usually marred his forehead was gone, and even his eyes were still.

But yet, that insistent nag of guilt in the back of his head remained, and he couldn't quite work out why, or why he'd felt the need to apologize to Will. He'd not felt guilt for having to feed before, it was a natural part of his existence, and if people resisted, then so be it. The pain wasn't his problem. So why did he feel such remorse for this one? It made no sense. The situation intriguing, and bothering him in equal amounts.

He didn't need a chair, vines springing up seemingly from thin air to support him as he sat, not once moving his eyes off the young man before him.

What made him so different?

Was it the way the sun itself seemed to be jealous of the beauty of his smile? Perhaps it was the way that despite the hurt Hannibal caused him, he still somehow managed to come out of his room and pretend that nothing had happened. Prepare a pot of tea, clean up whatever mess had been made, and get ready to open shop. He didn't ask for help, or complain about the aches Hannibal knew he had. Will was just so.. Timid, and patient with everything he did. From looking after something as simple as a rose bush, to putting up with him and his own undesirable habits. He lived with it all with a smile.

Maybe it was that simple fact that annoyed him.

That Will appeared to think so lowly of himself, that he didn't think himself worth anything better. Maybe he'd speak to the little imbecile about it, ascertain for once and for all exactly why his behaviour never altered, why he always treated Hannibal so well, when he treated him so poorly.

Really, his attachment to the young man was startling, and perhaps, if he convinced Will that he wasn't simply out to get him, he'd be more open to relaxing when feeding time came around. It wasn't even remotely entertaining to watch the florist flounder like a fish on a hook, and often he found himself having to force himself to feed at this point, all whilst questioning just why he felt so bad for him.

Of course, Will didn't know this, and it wasn't exactly the sort of thing Hannibal could just drop into conversation over a cup of earl grey and a biscuit. So he was left with a kind of emotional constipation over the entire thing. Whether the florist wanted it or not, Hannibal had to feed. It had to be fresh, and above all else, human. He'd made the mistake of substituting his usual diet for the cast off from a butcher's. And it had left him ill for weeks. Barely able to even lift his head. That was not an experience he planned on ever having again.

All of this reminiscing was very quaint, he reflected, but none of it was helping him get any closer to solving the issue he had with his florist. Already he could feel the tension building to create a headache behind his eyes, and he reached up to pinch the bridge of his nose wearily as he reclined back on the intricate web of vines he'd created for himself. There was nothing he could do except wait for him to see the light himself, or wait for him to stress his body to death.

Oh, how he wished the former would be the path he picked.

A soft sigh snatched his attention from his musings, an almost inaudible whisper of his name prompting him to lean forward just a tad closer to Will's bedside as the botanist stirred, lashes fluttering restlessly as he began to break the barrier between consciousness. The fact that Will was waking failing to register in Hannibal's head over the repeated whisperings of his name falling from Will's lips.

Had his name ever been spoken with such tenderness before? He couldn't remember.

The shock, and ultimate denial crashing through his system and making his leaves rustle restlessly with their master's agitation, just as Will's eyes finally opened and zoned in on the man at his side.

An amused, almost delirious hum leaving his lips as he closed his eyes once again.

"You smell like strawberries."

Chapter End Notes

The reception I received from Chapter One was absolutely lovely so Somewhere Green is definitely going multi chapter. Thank you so much for all your lovely messages and comments <3

Chapter two is being broken up into two parts, so each part is a little shorter than the first chapter, but I'm in college and I am drowning under essays. I promise I'll try to update a minimum of once a week. Stay golden loves.

Will.

Chapter Summary

Will has awoken.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His first thought as he comes to is that he's dead. Dead, or still dreaming.

Chasing after the scattered fragments of images behind his eyes before giving up as he shifted, prompting the sound of a quiet groan to leave his lips.

No, he was definitely alive.

Each one of his limbs ached, and felt heavy, and his shoulders throbbed painfully. The golden light, however, is nice behind his closed eyes. But what he wouldn't give for a glass of water to soothe the burn at the back of his throat.

It feels like he's been screaming, or crying, or maybe both.

And it takes a few long moments for him to recall just why that could have been.

When he recalls, however, it's with an almost tired resignation.

Hannibal. Of course.

That damned plant.

Man.

Thing.

Man.

He'll stick with man, for the moment. At least until Hannibal clears that particular detail up for him.

Truth be told, Hannibal was the closest thing he had to a friend, and it was a slightly depressing thought. He couldn't even form a healthy friendship, let alone run his life as he wished, which had been difficult from the offset.

Skid Row wasn't kind to the weak, and he'd had to scrape his way to where he was now, and that had been done alone. So it was no wonder, really, that his desperation for someone to make his life a little less lonely had led him to accept, what he would arguably call a mutated sadist, as a companion in his store. Despite the fact that it led him to these situations almost nightly.

But, what could he do?

He was in far too deep to back out now.

The soft scent of freshly cut strawberries cuts through his train of thought, and almost immediately soothes their restless churning.

Wait. Strawberries?

He didn't even grow them. Too expensive to maintain.

Which could only mean..

He rolled over onto his side and sighs at the dull ache that spreads up his side as a result of the movement, forcing his reluctant eyelids open and briefly focusing on the shadow at his bedside.

Just as he'd suspected.

"You smell like strawberries." He murmurs, snorting in amusement to himself as he closed his eyes again.

Whatever Hannibal wanted, it'd be over sooner if he spoke to him.

Of course the florist couldn't find it within himself to rage or scream and cower away from his companion. There would be no point to it. What was done was done. Growing bitter over it all would just leave him alone once more. And though he was loathe to admit it, Hannibal definitely served to be a big help in the greenhouse.

He couldn't serve customers, or go to the front of shop, naturally, but that didn't stop him from tending to the plants, and Will was more than happy to leave him to it.

"Is that a bad thing?" The soft, dulcet tones of Hannibal's voice cut through his thoughts, and he thoughtlessly cranes his neck up to crack his eyes open at the other man.

"Hm? Ow. Uh, no. No. It's fine, actually." He answers, easing the tension off the sensitive tendons of his throat and ease the disapproving glare that Hannibal had thrown his way.

"Hey. You can't look at me like that. Not when you are the root cause of the problem here." He grumbles indignantly, prompting a quiet chuckle from Hannibal that rustles the leaves of his vines.

“You are such a strange creature.” He states simply, cocking his head in amusement as he regards Will from his perch. “You resist me so stubbornly, scream yourself hoarse trying to fight me, and then, you become so… Compliant. Daring, even. It’s odd. You’re quite unlike the others, William.” There’s not a trace of mockery or malice in his tone, but rather open curiosity. “I can’t help but wonder why?”

“Because I’m an idiot with no backbone.” Will replies harshly, his tone effectively stamping out that further questions would not be welcome. A deep frown marring the usual tranquility of his expression.

Thankfully, Hannibal takes the hint with good grace, though not without a subtle twitch of an eyebrow. *Later then*. It seemed to suggest.

Will sighing quietly in response and looking away.

Not exactly a refusal, but neither was he expressly giving his consent.

“Help me up.” He says at last, after a few long, tension riddled moments have passed.

“That wouldn’t be wi-” He begins, before being cut off irritably by the florist lying opposite him.

“I don’t care about wise. What I care about right now is having a shower and finishing up in the greenhouse. I have responsibilities, despite your recommendations. The least you can do is help me up, and make a pot of tea. Heaven knows you’ve watched me do it enough times.” He states bluntly, struggling to pull himself upright so he can fix Hannibal with what he hopes to be a challenging look.

A smile is all he receives, before Hannibal draws himself up to his full height and withdraws his precious vines with a quiet hum. Extending a hand to the young man and cocking his head to one side as he watches him. “Fine. If that is what you desire.”

Rather than look a gift horse in the mouth, his hand darts out to grip the strong, milky white one that had been offered. Chlorophyll having receded from his skin now that his hunger had been sated.

He was definitely some kind of vampiric flytrap.The botanist decided as he kicked back the covers messily and hauled himself upright. Hissing in protest at the sharp aches and pains that spread relentlessly throughout his body as a result of the careless movement. *Though*, he reflected, *this wasn't as bad as when he'd been forced to wake alone*. Then he'd had to crawl into the bathroom. Too weak and shaky to stand on his own.

"Thank you."

Will's quiet thanks don't go unnoticed, and Hannibal unfurls a single vine to wind it firmly around the botanist's slender waist to stop him from falling on his face as he helps him across the warm chestnut floor. *It would be a shame*, Hannibal muses, reaching out with another tendril to retrieve the soft white towels from their perch on the wicker laundry basket, *to stain such nice wood with his blood. A shame, and a waste.*

Though to Will, the action is perceived as helpful, rather than marred by a hidden agenda.

They barely make it three paces before the florist stumbles over his own feet. Hannibal laughing to himself under his breath as Will clutched at his shoulder and muttered curses at him as he righted himself.

The botanist truly concentrating this time on where he put his feet as he was helped out of the room and led precariously down the hall. The soft green vines that held Will's towels creeping forth to deposit them rather ungraciously on the mop of hazel curls adorning Will's head as soon as he pushed open the bathroom door.

"Try not to be too long. I trust you know how quickly water boils, and likewise, cools." He teases. Razor sharp teeth glinting against the unnatural colour of his lips as he grinned across at Will. The botanist's pulse lurching in a mild case of fright at the surreal sight. Finding the strength to whirl behind the bathroom door and slam it in Hannibal's face before pressing an

ear to the wood and listening intently as the blood rushed to his head and made his entire body tremble.

Hearing nothing but the sound of Hannibal’s laugh and the gentle receding click of his shoes on the hardwood flooring as he descended the stairs.

Heaven only knew how he was going to manage the rest of the evening.

Be still, my beating heart, he thinks, *be still.*

Chapter End Notes

Apologies for taking so long to update. I've been busy with coursework and college and such. It's been a while since I've had to write like this so please don't expect too much, and thank you to those of you who have stuck with this <3

End Notes

I haven't decided whether or not to make this a multi chapter WIP or just a collection of oneshots, so suggestions are welcome.

But thank you for taking the time to read my silly things, you're all precious.

((This AU has been brought to you, by me, thanks to Lunarcrown's Little Shop of Cannibals au idea on tumblr.))

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!